

Little Free Press

#99

"food for thought since 1969"

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Angry Yet?

The government is now giving about \$450,000 to each of several business men who are taking trips to Russia to tell the Russians how to do business. The government is sending billions of dollars of aid money to Russia this year.

The government is subsidizing some of the foreigners who migrate to this country. They are able to buy new cars, start businesses and are further subsidized so that they can underbid Americans who are trying to make a living. This of course makes unfair competition and the foreigners get the contracts.

Would a sensible government, which is so deep in debt, continue spending money like a drunken sailor? Are you angry yet?

You have a choice. You can get an extra job to pay for the ever-increasing prices and taxes, you can become a street person and suffer or you can say, "To Hell with them!" and get yourself set-up to drop-out of the Rat Race. Back down on your spending, get rid of your debts (one way or another) and start saving money. Then before long you can buy yourself that little patch of ground and become nearly independent of the system. Or you may have another plan to become more self-sufficient. Many many people have already done this. It just doesn't make any sense to pay taxes to support those spendthrifts who are in government. Those people wouldn't last even one year managing their own business. Why should we subsidize their blunderings in government?

In the last nine issues of this newsletter I have tried to show ways people are using to escape from the Rat Race. My book FREE I GOT also gives lots of things to do to get freedom. LFP readers can get that 326 page book from me at my cost, \$4.95 plus \$1.05 postage.

Some of the biggest changes I've made in my life have been the result of getting mad at something or someone. When I got really mad at the government for trying to get my two sons into the Vietnam War, I made a major change in my life. I dropped-out of the rat race when I was 42 years old in 1969, and stopped supporting government with income taxes and my vote. I researched and learned about government and the "Establishment," i.e., the powers-that-be. As a result, I designed an economic system that wouldn't require a government. I have spent the last twenty-five years of my life telling my new found secrets to everyone who would listen.

If enough people get angry with government we may establish a system that will operate smoothly without the burden of a government.

I got angry with a friend who decided to charge rent in a particular situation. I figured he still owed me. So I moved on and didn't speak to him for two years. Now that the dust has cleared, I see that that was just what I needed to get out of that circular rut I had made for myself. A lot of good things have happened to me since that move. Now I can only thank that man for motivating me to evolve into some-

thing better. We are speaking again.

I had a little money stashed away at that time and now I have invested it in the house I'm in now. A house and lot, or land your going to live on, if it's all paid for is the best place to have your money at this time, I think. Then no matter what happens to the economy, you have a place to live without rent. That is a lot less hassle and a good deal more comfortable than living in the street.

Crash Program

To get rid of pollution -- remove the reason for polluting.

To end war -- remove the reason for starting them.

To end stealing -- remove the reason why people steal.

To get rid of taxes and government -- remove the reason to have them.

What is the reason for all of the bad things listed above? In every case, someone makes a PROFIT. So all we need to do is start an economic system in which there is no profit motive. I'm doing this already by selling my newsletter and my books at my cost price, with no wages or profit for my time. To practice this corner of the PES now, one must have either some money stashed away or another source of income.

The Priceless Economic System (PES) is such a system. So why don't we start a "crash program" to get the PES started? Not the government nor the profiteers will start such a crash program. If it is to happen it will be started by a few intelligent people who are no longer hypnotized by the mass media.

So far I haven't received your response to my question in LFP #98 which was "How do we get a "Crash Program" going to convert the world to a priceless economic system?" You must have something to say about it? Hurry up and get it written and send it in, so I can publish it in #100. That could be our lucky number!

Third River Trip

This time I decided to build a raft at home in Minneapolis. I lived at 715 E. 14th Street at the time. That was in a mixed slum area about eight blocks south and east from the center of down-town. The house was later declared a historical sight (not because of me) and sold to the city for about three times what I got for it about two years before. It was moved to a spot overlooking I-35 on 4th Avenue S., near E. 19th Street. The city then used my old spot for a parking lot.

I had a good sized yard to work in. I accumulated boards, plywood, one gallon plastic jugs, bicycle wheels, etc. It took quite some time to find everything I wanted in dumpsters. At that time I had extra money and frequented the Band Box lunch room which was across the street. It is still there and is the last Band Box left in the city. I got to know a lot of the people who frequented the cafe. They had cheap food and it tasted ok. Many neighbors knew I was collecting gallon jugs for my floatation and were saving them for me. Even the garbage truck driver was saving them.

It wasn't long before I had 125 one gallon plastic jugs and had to tell people to turn off the faucet. I found a long oak 2" x 4" that I shaved down to an oar handle and found a nice oak board for the blade.

This I carved to shape and fastened to the end of the handle with epoxy and bolts.

I made a frame from 2x4's about 8'x12' (if I remember right). This I patched over with odd sized pieces of plywood. I built a bracket in the stern to set my long sculling oar. I had never seen, made or used a sculling oar before, so I just guessed at it.

Then I tied about a hundred jugs underneath it all. With some old electrical conduit I made axles and with four old bicycle wheels transformed my water craft into an amphibian.

I had placed a board beneath the raft for a keel to keep it from slipping sideways when I applied the sculling oar.

This project probably took me several weeks to complete. There was no hurry. Whenever I chanced upon a board or piece of plywood I would lug it home on my head. I found that that was a very convenient way to carry large or heavy objects. I just did a little bit every day, as I saw fit. I enjoyed every minute of it because I was doing what I wanted. It may have seemed "childish" to the observers, but I didn't give one good god damn what they thought. I was having fun! I was not in the Rat Race any more. I didn't have to put up an impressive front any more.

When it seemed ready to be launched I pulled it down the side streets to Lake Calhoun. That must have been about thirty blocks, but it was all level so it pulled easily on those bike wheels even though they had no remaining ball bearings. I don't think they even had tires.

After I arrived at the lake, wouldn't you know that as I was getting ready to

launch it, either some policeman or a park worker, told me I couldn't use it on the lake if I didn't have a license. I didn't have a license for it. But I pleaded with him and said I just wanted to test it out a little bit by the shore to see how it floated and how the sculling oar worked. He agreed to that and I went ahead and pulled it down the beach and into the shallow water. There I removed the wheels and axles and got aboard and began to learn how to scull. (I can row a boat -- canoe? ha, ha.)

When I tried to skull, the raft just twisted sideways and didn't hardly move forward at all. I practiced for some time and finally figured the raft needed to be longer and needed more keel to keep it from twisting sideways each time I moved the sculling oar.

Then I sculled back to the beach and replaced the axles and wheels and pulled it back home. I think I pulled it by hand, but maybe I had a lady friend pull it with her VW. That would have been the little red bug whose floor had all rusted out. I had laid two planks front to back and U-bolted them to the axles. Then I nailed 1" boards on top and that made a sturdy floor that lasted several years. Then she had no more trouble with stuff falling out of her car as she drove along. When she had her car greased, the gas station attendants were always surprised when they got her car up on the hoist and looked underneath.

When I got the raft back home I added about four feet to the bow and a twin keel under the bow. I added more jugs under the addition and stored about twenty-five spare jugs on deck. I added a life line

around the perimeter. It was about a foot high and I used it to fasten a piece of canvas. This was to keep water from splashing on board.

After the remodeling was completed and when everything, including the weather and my lady friend, seemed optimal we started out at about 4 or 5:00 a.m. and pulled our amphibian to the Washington Avenue bridge that has two decks. One for the U. of M. students for walking and a lower deck for cars. I pulled the raft up the ramp to the walking deck and across the bridge and had to make quite a detour to wind my way down to the Mississippi River to a boat ramp.

We got the raft to within twenty feet of the ramp and two of the bike wheels did figure-eights and collapsed. So we had to drag it on its jugs the last twenty feet. I figured I was lucky, the wheels could have reconfigured several blocks before.

That bridge is about the same distance from home as the lake was. After we got the boat launched my lady friend parked her bug nearby in a parking lot and we put our back packs, two folding chairs and an ice box aboard and began our voyage to New Orleans. We had twenty-two locks to negotiate downstream. The Ford lock would be our first, which was about forty-five blocks down stream. The twenty-third lock was upstream so we didn't have to do that one.

The raft held us both nicely, so I began sculling farther out into the river to find the current so that we could lay back and play Tom Sawyer and Becky. The more I sculled the better I got at it. But I think I should have made the blade wider, and now I think I should have

made a keel run the full length of the raft.

We arrived on the other side and still found only a little trickle of current. It reminded me of the "trickle-down effect" that we are supposed to get from the big incomes of the big shots.

A light breeze was pushing us upstream a little bit. The canvas skirt wasn't a good idea, as it acted as a sail to push us upstream. I removed it. We were still going the wrong direction so I figured we needed a sea anchor to pull us against the light breeze. And there soon appeared a 30 gallon plastic garbage can floating nearby. I sculled over and retrieved it and made a rope harness and dropped it overboard. It took ahold and began pulling us down stream. I would judge we were moving along at about one knot per hour. I continued to scull in a zigzag course across and down stream. We never found much current. Later I decided we couldn't expect a current because the river was like twenty-three long lakes separated by dams and locks and the only time to find a speedy current would be in the rainy season.

We voyaged all forenoon and early afternoon and then pulled up to a sandy beach on the University side to reconsider our voyage plans to New Orleans. We no sooner got ashore and pulled the raft up a bit when a police car drove up to the beach. A cop said we couldn't camp there. Then he asked to see our boat license. I told him it wasn't a boat. It was a raft. He said it still needed a license. I had anticipated this and had a license for a wooden row boat in my pocket and showed it to him. He asked where the sticker was on

the raft. I told him I hadn't had time to put it on yet. Then he dropped that and went back to, "You can't camp here." I told him we were just having lunch. He said "OK." and left.

We had our lunch. It was a nice warm day in the middle of summer. We decided that we would be old and gray by the time we arrived in New Orleans. We didn't think that was how we wished to arrive there and decided to abort the trip right then, as there were no pro-lifers in sight.

But what could we do with the raft? The police already seen my ID, so they would surely make a fuss if we abandoned the raft here.

As luck would have it, a couple of guys were working a bulldozer about a block down stream, putting in a culvert. I walked down and offered them twenty bucks if they would bury our raft. They agreed. I saved my sculling oar. Maybe some day archaeologists will scratch their heads and wonder what all those plastic jugs were doing buried and assembled neatly near the Mississippi River just a little ways from where the "Showboat" was tied up. We didn't get as far as the Ford locks.

I wonder what the cops thought about this nearly 45 year old man and woman who were messing around with that funky flimsy little raft on the Great Mississippi River? Why weren't they working like everyone else?

I had fun! Doing -- beats watching -- every time!

Underground Papers & Zines

Alias c/o Fred Victor Mission, 145 Queen Street E., Toronto, Ont., Canada M5A 1S1. (Donation) V1,#3, 12 pages. Some thought provoking ideas one can use

right now in their own life. Easy to read. Has graphics. **Aspects** 5507 Regent Street, Philadelphia, PA 19143 (Price ?) 52 pages. A variety of articles including witchcraft, several comics, many graphics, poetry and this issue reprinted LFP #91 in full.

Beauty is Dead, c/o Eric D. Thompson. 3023 N. Hyde Avenue, Panama City, FL 32405. (Stamp or trade) #9, 2 pages. BID presents some salient observations of how and why the "System" controls people. Eric's paper is an example of how a powerful paper can be turned out with merely a clear incite, a sheet of paper, a pen, a scissors and a copy machine. **Cactus Prick**, Box 27142, Tempe, AZ 85285. Oct. '93 (\$2.00) 38 pages. Unusual zine reviews. Interesting commentaries, several band interviews with photos, big and small record reviews, Funky but easy to read format.

Chaos c/o Joel Epanouri, 146 Langdon, Madison, WI 53703 (Free. Send stamp) #9, 16 pages 1/2 size. Easy to read hand printed (with graphics) story revealing Joel's innermost personal thoughts.

Factsheet Five, R. Seth Friedman, Box 170099, San Francisco, CA 94117-0099 (\$6.00 for a sample copy, and well worth it.) 112 pages with index. Lots of graphics. It is still the best directory of underground papers and zines on the market. Thousands of reviews of zines, books, recordings, B-movies, music, poetry, comics and misc.

Flipside, Box 60790, Pasadena, CA 91116 (\$2.50) #87, 140 pages. Mostly band and music reviews. Lots of photographs.

Green Monologue c/o Michael Green, 390 Jones Av., Toronto, Ont. Canada M4J 3G3 (Price ?) V8 #1, 54 pages. This Underground

magazine is composed entirely of submissions from its readers. It is called a global green many-to-many mailing system. It covers a large range of subjects. You can have an article included for a low price.

Kick It Over, Box 5811 Station A, Toronto, Ont. Canada M5W 1P2 (\$2.50 US) #32, 48 page underground magazine. Professionally done. Article about squatting. An excerpt from Murry Bookchin, Article on Green Ecology, Book review, Story on photos, tale by a cab driver and much much more. Many photos and graphics, they even did a 3/4 page reprint of LFP's "Portals to Paradise."

LUNO (Learning Unlimited Network of Oregon) c/o Gene Lehman, 31960 SE Chin St., Boring, OR 97009 (\$1.00 plus stamp) V8, #9, ten pages. Some very interesting and important incites into present day education, changes being tried and foresight on how education should be. Several reviews of excellent underground papers on better education.

Meander Quarterly, c/o Ed Stamm, Box 1402, Lawrence, KS 66044 (donation + 2 stamps) V5, #3, 28 pages 1/2 size. An underground newsletter of Evolutionary Anarchists that will print your anarchist views as well as many other peoples. They also change editors each year which could give you a chance to be the editor.

Slug & Lettuce, c/o Christine, Box 2067, NY, NY 10009. (Free, SASE) #32, 8 pages tabloid. Chris made some interesting observations on the present dope scene in NY, shows at the ABC NO RIO and tips on energy efficiency. An article on the war in Yugoslavia. Fanzine Reviews galore, free classified ads and record reviews. Lots of Punk photos. Get

this -- one chapter from I WAS ROBOT was included.

Books

THE BIBLE OF GOD THE GOOD, (\$4.00) (bookstores would get \$14.00 or more for this book!) Julian Latham, Box 27428, Los Angeles, CA 90027-0428. This approximately one inch thick (no page numbers) book is a real surprise. Even an atheist can't put this book down until its every word is digested. Large attractive type and very little on each page. Chuck full of inspiring truths about living.

BRAVE NEW WORLD, Aldous Huxley used repetitive sleep-teaching to mind condition all the children in his story.

Songs today are very repetitive. Some people listen to music constantly. Is the sleep teaching method Huxley predicted on the same order as the repetitive lyrics and the subliminals in todays music and movies? Is this conditioning people to believe on a uniform basis? Like: Don't believe your parents! The radicals are wrong! Spend! Buying is fun! Don't save! Throw it away! Don't fix it up! Buy! Buy! Buy!

If you study kids and adults today and if you do enough dumpster diving you'll see what I mean. It is not sane or logical. If you think I am wrong, then tell me how people are learning to do these unnatural, illogical and wasteful things.

Subscriptions

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LFP Purpose

To help create Utopia on Planet Earth, soonest.

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